

## The Sex Tape by [hoppnhorn](#)

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**Summary:**

Billy Hargrove shouldn't be allowed to own a camera phone.

# The Sex Tape

## Author's Note:

Filth. Originally posted [here](#). Enjoy!

They only JUST recently figured out that all the “*I hate your face, Hargrove.*” and “*Yeah, well eat a dick, Harrington.*” was really code for “*I want to fuck your face, Hargrove.*” and “*Yeah, I’d like to suck your dick, Harrington.*” when they were both trashed at a party and Billy fumbled to his knees and blew Steve in a bathroom. Since then, they can’t seem to stop jumping each other. They see each other at meals and after some eye-shifting and veiled nodding they wind up fucking like beasts in one of their rooms until someone bangs on the door and tells them to “*Fuck quieter or I’m calling the RA.*”

Spring break arrives and almost everyone leaves for the week, driving to warmer places to sit on beaches and spend all their money on beer. But Steve and Billy had fibbed their way out of going home and have the week to themselves in the dorms. They stock Billy’s room with a shit load of junk food and sneak a few bottles of good booze into the little fridge.

Then they fuck their brains out. Billy on top, Steve on top, switching positions until they can’t move. They marathon like champions, bodies gleaming with sweat and hearts pounding. Steve sports some of the best sex hair for a solid two days before Billy finally drags his rank ass to the showers. They screw in there a couple times too, giggling when a janitor happens upon Billy in nothing but his skin. The poor guy blushes so hard that Steve gets slightly possessive and walks out from his hiding place to let him know “*we’ll be in here for a little while longer.*” and Billy is *mortified* but also turned the hell on when Steve promptly pins him to a wall and sinks to his knees.

Anyway, so they have a lot of sex. To the point that Steve has to drive to the local CVS and stock up on condoms and lube because they’re running out. He might tell Billy about the high schooler who rang him up and the color that her face was when she put the three bottles of flavored lube into a bag.

Billy likes that story.

Then, one night, they're watching tv and there's a movie playing about some sort of serial killer offing sorority girls. They aren't really watching, they're too busy making fun of the way the girls talk or the way parties in movies always look so glamorous when the reality is sooooo the reverse. But then it gets to a scene where the girls have set up a camera, watching one of their sisters making out with her boyfriend on a bed.

Billy twitches.

"Hey." He looks over at Steve, who's comfortably sprawled across his pillows.

"Hmm?"

"Let's make a sex tape." He grins at the wide eyes and dramatic drop of Steve's jaw and reaches over to grab his phone. "Come on. It'll be hot."

"You've got to be joking." Steve mutters. "I don't want a video of us fucking to exist ANYWHERE in the digital world. If we were talking VHS, I mean, maybe..."

"Harrington." Billy presses a finger to Steve's lips, smearing it back and forth. "No one will ever see it." Then he shrugs. "And who cares if they do, we're young and hot and fuck like teenagers."

"Billy...we are teenagers." Steve isn't buying it, so Billy waves a hand.

"Whatever. Let's just...film it...and then we'll watch it and then delete it."

Steve makes a face and Billy rolls over onto his stomach, pinning Steve to the mattress.

"I'll blow you and then I'll ride you."

Steve's face turns red.

“I don’t know-”

“Just imagine watching us going at it. Imagine how sexy you’ll look when you’re buried in my ass.” He purrs into Steve’s neck. He knows he’s won the moment he feels Steve’s cock throbbing against his thigh.

“Jesus. You’re filthy.”

“You love it.” Billy says with a toss of his hair, bounding out of bed. “That’s not a flashlight in your briefs, Harrington. You’re ready for lights, camera, action.”

“Ugh, I’m going to regret this.” Steve moans, sitting up on the bed. “Promise me this gets deleted right after we watch it.”

“I’ll let you delete it yourself.” Billy looks over his shoulder, running his tongue over his teeth. “Good enough?”

“Good enough.” Steve mutters, fidgeting with his hair as Billy sits his phone on his dresser, aims the camera so he can see his pretty boy on the mattress.

“Smile, baby. You’re on candid camera.” He teases before he’s hitting record and stepping away. Steve instantly blushes and looks directly at the phone, eyes wide and horrified.

“I already regret this.”

“Just lie down and enjoy it, stupid.” Billy purrs before he roughly pushes Steve back onto the bed. He makes sure the camera can see him when he crawls up Steve’s abdomen and he gives the phone a wink while he pulls Steve’s underwear down.

“Fuck, I love your cock.” Billy murmurs, rubbing his nose in Steve’s pubic hair and mouthing his shaft.

“Christ, Billy.” Steve is blushing wildly. “Just...you don’t need to narrate.”

“We’re the audience, ya bonehead.” Billy snorts, biting Steve’s thigh. “I’m the one watching you right now.”

Steve swallows and his eyes slide over towards the dresser, his hands hesitantly grazing Billy's shoulders.

"Right. Yeah, I guess...yeah."

"You wanna fuck my mouth, Harrington?" Billy growls into Steve's hip, sucking a mark into the pale skin.

"Will it get you to shut up?"

Billy laughs and looks over at the camera.

"See how funny you are? Cracking jokes when I'm doing this..." He fills his mouth with Steve's cock in an abrupt duck of his head and Steve lets out a sort of shout in surprise before he's tangling his fingers Billy's curls, licking his lips.

"God you're good at that." He eventually moans, hips flexing under Billy's hands as he bobs on his fully-hard cock. "Take it all. Come on." His hands tighten in Billy's hair and he makes a gagging sound as Steve's cock slides all the way home in his throat. "Goddamn, Hargrove. Fucking hell." He lifts Billy off and lets him catch his breath before he's at it again, pushing down until Billy's nose is pressed to his dark curls. "Oh baby. So good."

When he lets him up again, Billy laughs and he's drooling like a maniac, his tongue lapping at the spit on his chin.

"Yeah?"

"Get a rubber, you animal."

Billy is grinning like a fiend as he gets up and crosses the room, black boxer briefs tented by his own throbbing cock. He wipes his mouth with one hand as he passes the camera and winks.

"Love your cock, Harrington."

"Oh my god." Steve laughs into his hands as Billy chuckles and tears open a new box of condoms and tosses one onto Steve's stomach.

"What will ya have, pretty boy?" Billy plucks the three bottles of lube

from his desk and shows the camera. “We have Cherry—”

“STOP TALKING TO THE CAMERA—”

“Strawberry and Watermelon. Apparently you really like fruit.” He adds with a grin. Steve groans from the bed.

“It was a triple pack. It CAME with those three, I didn’t PICK them.”

“You in the mood for some sweet cherry pie, Harrington?” Billy ignores his distress and chucks the cherry flavored lube onto the bed. “Get it, because you’re going to eat my ass with it first. And I have a sweet ass.”

“OH MY GOD.”

“You are so bashful.” Billy says into the camera. “I mean, where was this Steve when you rimmed me in the showers this morning?”

Steve jumps up from the bed and Billy makes a strange squawking sound before he’s being pinned to the mattress on his back. There’s a bit of rough grabbing, grunting and twisting before Steve is yanking Billy’s briefs down and throwing them across the room. Then he’s spreading Billy’s legs and shoving them back, exposing Billy’s ass before he’s diving at it.

“Ah!” Billy’s tone drastically changes, he’s whining and pliant under Steve’s hands and he’s tossing his head around when Steve sinks his tongue inside. He slides his fingers into Steve’s hair and groans good and long before one of Steve’s hands leaves his thigh and a finger is tracing his entrance along with the tip of his tongue.

“You were saying?” Steve growls against Billy’s ass and he risks a look over at the camera. “All talk, Hargrove. But look at you now.”

Billy laughs but it’s half a moan when Steve sinks a finger inside him and *twists*.

“FUCK.” He rocks into Steve’s hand to push the digit further but Steve retreats, pumps it slowly until Billy is whimpering. The lube comes into play right before the second finger is added and Billy hums *Cherry Pie* for a few seconds until Steve tongues his balls and

then he's just yelling.

"Oh fuck me. Please. Steve, shit. I need your cock."

"Look how polite you are when you—"

"GIVE ME YOUR DICK HARRINGTON."

Billy is stronger and Billy is faster and very quickly Steve is on his back and Billy is forcefully rolling a condom onto his erect cock. He sits down on him slow, agonizingly slow, and they both moan and clutch and gasp.

"Jesus." Billy is whispering, thighs shaking as he braces himself over Steve's hips. "Jesus, you're so fucking big. I swear I can feel you in my ribs."

Steve rolls his hips and Billy plants his hands on his chest, letting out a hard whine.

"Ride me." Steve goads. "Ride me, baby."

Billy rides. The bed creaks as they get a good rhythm going, Billy's hand pushing Steve into the mattress while Steve holds his hip in one hand and fists Billy's cock with the other. Billy ruts forwards into Steve's palm and back onto his cock over and over, moaning and cursing.

Once in a while, he looks over at the camera and grins through a moan, then ducks down to kiss Steve's open mouth. They groan into each other and pant and catch their breath before they get back to business and Billy is pushing the rickety bed to its limits.

It lasts a decent amount of time. Long enough that Billy has sweat dripping down his chest and Steve's hair is sticking to his forehead when Billy's hips start to stutter.

"Oh shit." He nods to Steve, who holds onto his hips to fuck up into him faster, get himself to the edge. "You with me?"

"Yeah." Steve is breathless as he thrusts rapidly, his hips smacking against Billy's ass. "Yeah, shit. Yeah."

They don't need to announce when they come, because they already know the signs. Billy's jaw drops and his chest turns red. Steve's neck tightens and a vein throbs in his throat. And they're both yelling, letting it all out because *who the fuck cares*. They're the only thing that exists in the world. They're all that matters.

In the aftermath, Billy holds himself up with his hands on either side of Steve's face, panting hard while Steve runs his hands over Billy's back, pulls him down for a kiss.

After a minute, Steve makes a sound in the back of his throat.

"Okay ew, you're dripping sweat on my face."

"Harrington. I just came on you. And you're worried about sweat?"

"Just..."

Billy snorts as he rolls away, sighing a little raggedly when Steve slips free; but not before he roughly kisses Steve's mouth and smears his forehead on his cheek.

"ASSHOLE." Steve jolts from the bed and wipes his face, shooting a glare over his shoulder while Billy lays in bed grinning.

"Exactly." He says, wiggling his eyebrows. "You love my asshole."

"Oh...my god." Steve shakes his head and walks out of frame, discarding the condom while he looks for something to wipe himself off with. As he wanders around the room, mumbling under his breath about "*Why didn't I buy baby wipes while I was at CVS?*", Billy bounds over to the dresser and picks up his phone. He goes to tap the stop button, to end the recording, but then a look flickers over his face.

Turning the camera onto himself, he ducks in close and lowers his voice.

"I love fucking you, Steve Harrington. Plus..." He checks over his shoulder to see if Steve is listening. He's not. He's using hand sanitizer on his stomach with a napkin. Billy looks back at the camera and his eyes are sparkling. "I love you, Steve Harrington. Yeah. I love you."



“TURN THAT THING OFF.”

“Yes, dear.”